

# RURAL REPOSITORY,

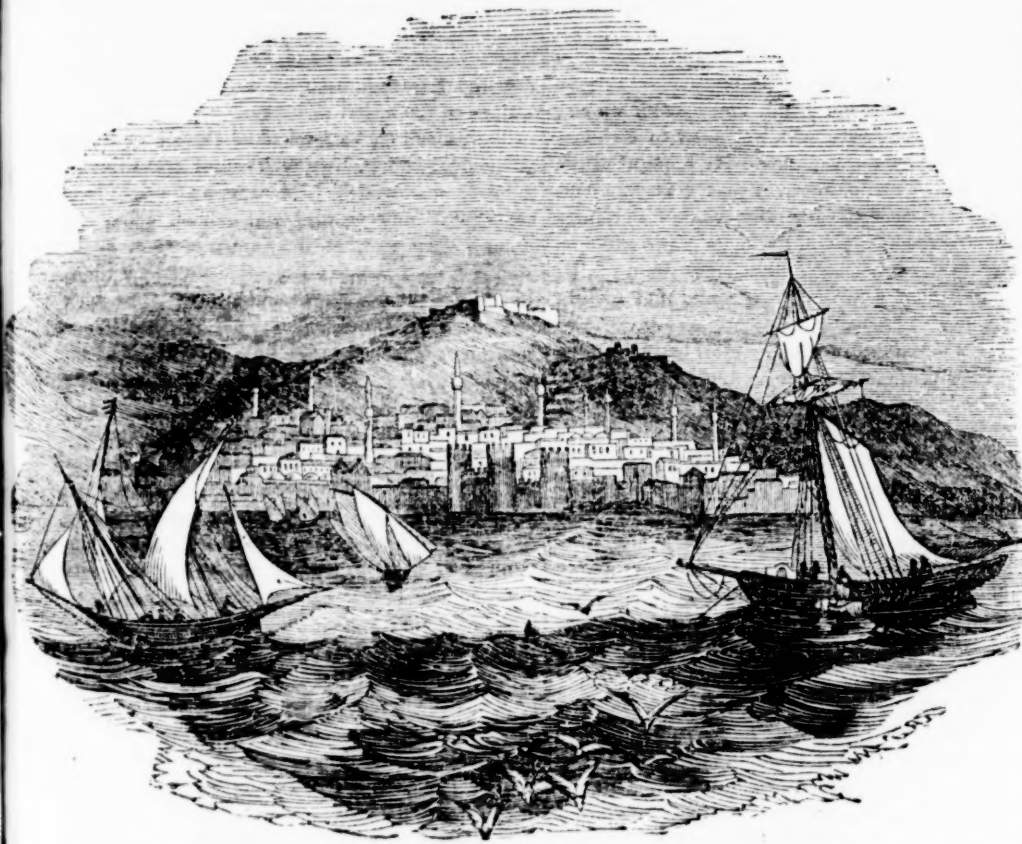
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## SMYRNA.



SMYRNA is a flourishing commercial city, one of the very first in the present Turkish empire for wealth and population. It has been variously estimated at from seventy-five thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand persons: Mr. Arundell thinks that one hundred and thirty thousand may be tolerably correct. The continued importance of Smyrna and the extent of its commercial transactions, may be estimated from the circumstance that it is the seat of a consul from every nation in Europe. The highly advantageous situation of the place, in one of the finest bays in the world, must be regarded as the proximate cause of its exemption from the ruin which has befallen so many other renowned cities of Asia Minor, including most of those which the apostle was commissioned to address. Those who think the condition of the cities, as such, necessarily involved in that of the Christian communities which they contained when the apostle wrote—a point on which we confess we have considerable doubt—will very properly connect the continued prosperity of Smyrna with the absence of any other words than those of commendation and encouragement, in the message which St. John was instructed to send to the church of Smyrna.

The present Smyrna does not occupy the site of the ancient city. The latter was seated on

the hills to the south of the present town: but the earthquakes, to which it was subject, and by which it was more than once nearly destroyed, together with the greater convenience of trade, occasioned its removal to the plain below and the lower declivities of the mountain. "Few of the Ionian cities," says Mr. Arundell, "have furnished more relics of antiquity, or of greater merit, than Smyrna; but the convenience of transporting them, with the number of investigators, have exhausted the mine; it is therefore not at all wonderful that, of the stoas and temples, the very ruins have vanished; and it is now extremely difficult to determine the sites of any of the ancient buildings, with the exception of the stadium, the theatre, and the temple of Jupiter Acreus, which was within the Acropolis." Of the stadium here mentioned the ground-plot only remains, it being stripped of its marble seats and decorations. It is supposed to be the place where Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, and concluded to be "the angel of the church of Smyrna," to whom he here writes, was exposed to wild beasts: after which, on the refusal of the asiarch Philip to let forth any more beasts against him, on the plea that the exhibitions of the amphitheatre were at an end, he was committed to the flames, and finally run through

with a sword. The Christians of Smyrna reverence his memory, and make an annual procession to his tomb, the supposed site of which is a short distance from the place of his martyrdom.

The prosperity of Smyrna is now rather on the increase than the decline; and the houses of painted wood, which were most unworthy of its ancient fame and present importance, are rapidly giving way to palaces of stone, rising in all directions; and probably, ere many years have passed, the modern town may not unworthily represent the ancient city, which the ancients delighted to call "The lovely—the crown of Ionia—the ornament of Asia."—*Scars' Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible.*

There has lately been a very destructive fire at Smyrna. One-third of the Turkish quarter of the city, the whole of the Jews' quarter, several bazaars—amongst which those of the goldsmiths, the shoemakers, the grain merchants, the druggists—a great number of mosques, seven synagogues, and more than 10,000 houses became the prey of the devouring element. It is supposed that 30 or 40 lives were lost.

## Select Tales.

From the Saturday Courier.

### THE MOB-CAP.

Or, My Grandmother's Trunk.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

It was past midnight, and the moon had gone down when the stage stopped at Edward Stanley's lodgings, who was about to visit his village home. The lamps threw a strong glare on the pavements, but the interior of the vehicle was in such deep shade, he could but imperfectly distinguish his fellow-travelers. He observed, however, that several young gentlemen occupied the front and middle seats, while an old woman muffled in a cloak, sat alone on the back one. She turned her head sharply round as he entered, and the light glimmering under her large hood was brightly reflected from a pair of spectacles of such spacious dimensions, they seemed to cover her whole face, or at least all the face that was visible through the wide plaited border of a mob-cap. Edward took the only vacant seat in the stage, at her side, with a very respectful bow, which was received with something between a hem and a cough, a sound diverting in itself, and rendered still more so, by its echo from the opposite seat; for the young gentlemen seemed determined to derive all the amusement possible from their antiquated companion. Edward had a convivial spirit, but he had too deep a reverence for age ever to make it a subject for mirth. It was in itself a sufficient guarantee for veneration, even when unaccompanied by those traits which impart a beauty to the faded brow, and to the hoary head a crown of glory. The recollection of his own grandmother,

too, who had died since his absence from home—one of those fine, dignified relics of the majestic simplicity of olden time, which remind one so forcibly of the degeneracy of modern days—gave a tenderness to his manners, in addressing an aged person, which was peculiarly engaging in the present instance, from the effect of contrast.

"Take care, Grandmother," said the young man opposite, as the stage jolted over a huge stone, "take care of your spectacles. We shall upset now, depend upon it."

"No thanks to you if we don't," cried she muttering, in the indistinct accents of age. Then turning towards Edward, she continued—"It is really refreshing to see a well-behaved, decent young gentleman, after enduring the impertinence of the dandies and jackanapes. Never mind, you may laugh now as loud as you please; but if you live, you will be old yourselves, one of these days."

She put her hand into her pocket, which seemed unfathomable in depth, and drawing out a snuff box, after rapping it several times, she presented it to Edward, who was obliged from politeness to take a pinch, and all the passengers petitioning for a similar favor, a sneezing concert commenced, in which the old lady herself acted the most sonorous part. After the mirth occasioned by this chorus had subsided, she dropped her box into her pocket, and it sunk like a pebble descending into a vault. Edward began to enjoy his journey exceedingly; he never felt disposed to sleep in a stage coach, and the old lady declared herself of the same temperament, though he gallantly offered his shoulder for a pillow, to the great amusement of the others, who were ere long nodding their heads to and fro, occasionally striking their heads against each other, or reclining backwards in more unsocial attitudes. Edward and his muffled companion fell into the most familiar and agreeable conversation. She seemed very shrewd and original in her remarks, and exercised the privilege of age in inquiring his name, the place of his residence, &c.

"Ah," said she, "I knew you had a mother and sisters—or a sister whom you loved, from your kindness to me, an old woman, and a stranger. Heaven be blest for the influence of gentle ones on the heart of man. And you are going to the village of——. Do you know any thing of the widow Clifton, daughter to Squire Lee, who lives somewhere in those parts?"

"Not personally—but report says she is such a gay, dashing character, I suspect she will find herself very much out of place in a sober country town. I hear, through my sister, that she is to take possession of her late father's dwelling, which has been fitted up for her accommodation in quite a princely style. You speak as if you knew her, Madam."

"Yes, for I was a great friend to her Grandmother, a fine old lady as ever lived, a thousand times handsomer than Gertrude—but very likely you may not agree with me. Young eyes see different from old ones."

"Is she young?" asked Edward.

"Yes, she is scarcely twenty, for she married, poor thing, at a very early age, and was left a widow soon after. She has need of more discretion than she has now, or ever will have."

"I should like to see this gay young widow," said Edward, musingly, the vision of a pair of heavenly blue eyes that he *had seen* stealing softly before him, "but it is not likely that we shall become acquainted, for my mother and sister live very retired, and when I am at home I devote myself to them."

It was surprising in what confidential terms he was thus addressing his new acquaintance, and how entirely he forgot to ask her name and residence, though he had so freely imparted his own.

As the morning air came chill and dewy over the hills, she drew her cloak more closely round her, pulled down her hood, and seemed drowsy and silent. Edward was not sorry to be left a while to his own reflections. He thought of the mild eyes of his mother, at that very moment, perhaps, turned towards the window anxiously watching his coming, of the more eager anticipations of his only sister, and more than all, he thought upon "the witching smile that caught his youthful fancy."

He was roused from his reveries by the sudden stopping of the stage and he found he was to be separated from his ancient friend. Jumping out with as much alacrity as if he were in attendance on youth and beauty, he assisted her as she descended with slow and difficult steps, and opening the gate for her to pass, gave her a cordial and respectful farewell.

"I shall not soon forget you, young gentleman," said she, holding out her tremulous hand, "and if the time ever comes when I can serve you, you will find the aged can remember the kindness of youth."

Resuming his seat his thoughts winged their way towards the home he was now rapidly approaching. In two or three hours, he began to distinguish the trees familiar to his boyhood. A little further, a majestic elm, stretched its lordly branches over the street that passed it on either side, the land mark of his school day pastimes.—Then a white house glimmered through the green foliage that overshadowed it—and a moment more, Edward was in the arms of his mother, with his sister clinging around his neck. An only son and brother, returned after twelve months' absence to beings whose best affections were garnered in him, might reasonably call forth very warm and joyous emotions. A shade however passed over their brows, as the saddened glance of Edward rested on the easy chair, where he had last beheld that venerable form, with placid brows, crowned with living silver, now laid low in the dust—and they all remembered the dead.

A year's residence in the heart of the city would naturally produce some change in a young man, as yet only in the morning of manhood, and as Clara's admiring eyes ran over the face and figure of her brother, she blushed at her own rusticity. There was an indescribable something in his air and manner, that told he had been in a region different from her own, and a shadow of awe began to steal over the deep love she felt for him. Mrs. Stanley, whose chastened and pious thoughts were dwelling on the inner man, rejoiced that his heart remained unchilled, during his intercourse with the world, for the fountain of filial tenderness was still full and gushing over.

Edward Stanley was poor—that is, he had only his unborn energies to carry him through the world. He had just completed his studies as a lawyer, having finished his last year with one of the most distinguished members of the bar, a friend of his late father, who, though he died poor in one sense of the word, was rich in the good opinions of his fellow men. Edward was resolved it should prove a year of probation, and adhered to his determination not to suffer even the holiest interests of nature to turn him aside from his steadfast course. The trial was past—he was admitted to the bar—and now felt privileged to rest and refresh himself for a while at the well-springs of the heart.

That evening, as he looked abroad and saw the moon, sending down such rills of light through the deep shades of the landscape, he thought how beautiful Fanny Morton had looked, when she stood a year ago, in the midst of such silver waves, longed to know how she would look then, standing in the self-same moonbeams. The wish was easily accomplished, for her father's house was but a short distance from his own, and he soon found himself near the threshold. The house was situated a little retreating from the street, and the path which led to it was soft and grassy, lying too in thick shadow, so his approach was not perceived. There she stood, almost in the same attitude, leaning against the door, looking upwards with eyes so deeply, beautifully blue they seemed to have borrowed the color from the night heaven to which their gaze was directed.—Her fair, flaxen hair, glittered in the moon-light with a golden lustre, brightly contrasting with the pure whiteness of a brow, where the serenity of youth and innocence was now softly reposing.

"Fanny!" said Edward, emerging from the shadow; and she sprang forward at the well-known voice, with a bounding step, and a joyous smile.

"Edward, I am so glad you are come."

Her manner was so frank and affectionate, it relieved him from the agitation he felt in addressing her. Perhaps he felt a disappointment in meeting her childish expression of pleasure, instead of the deep silence of joy, for it is certain the romance of his feelings considerably subsided, and he uttered some common place sayings, instead of the high-wrought sentiments in which he had been indulging. He had never told Fanny in so many words that he loved her, but they had lived in the almost daily interchange of offices prompted by affection. In absence he had blended her image with every memory of the past and every hope of the future, and now in her presence, he acknowledged that she was fairer and lovelier than even the visions his fancy had drawn. The people of the village seeing Fanny again the constant companion of Edward and Clara Stanley, as in former times prophesied a speedy union, though they dwelt on the excessive imprudence of the match, as they were both too poor to think of marrying, and many declared Fanny to be nothing better than a piece of painted wax-work, fit only to be looked at and admired.

They were returning one evening, about sunset, from a walk in the woodland. Fanny was literally covered with garlands, which Edward and



Clara had woven, and with her straw hat swinging in her hand, and her fair locks unbound, she formed the most picturesque features of a landscape, then rich in all the glories of summer—they turned aside from the path, for the trampling of horses' feet were behind them.

"Look, brother, look!" exclaimed Clara, as a lady, in company with two gentlemen, rode gaily by. She was dressed in green. Her long riding dress swept far below her feet, and waving feathers of the same color mingled with the folds of a veil that floated lightly on the breeze.—She turned and looked earnestly at Fanny, who, blushing at her fantastic appearance, drew behind Clara, when the veil of the stranger suddenly loosened, and fluttering fell at Edward's feet.—Never was a fairer opening for gallantry. The lady checked her spirited horse, and bending gracefully forward, received the veil from the hands of Edward, with a smile and a bow that would have repaid any man for a greater exertion. Her complexion was dark, but richly colored with the warm hues of exercise and health; and when she smiled, her eyes were so brilliantly black, and her teeth so glitteringly white, that Clara could talk of nothing else for an hour after she reached home—and Edward caught himself wondering several times, who the lady of the green plumes could be.

"Yes," said he, suddenly, when he saw at night lights gleaming from the windows of the great white house on the hill—"It must be Mrs. Clifton, the dashing widow."

And Mrs. Clifton it proved to be, whose arrival caused no slight sensation in this quiet village.—Edward and Fanny were quite forgotten in the superior claims of one, who, though among them, was not of them. One represented her as proud as Lucifer, sweeping through the streets, with her officer-like cap and feathers—another, as a Lioness, leaping her horse over hedges and walls. Some represented her as dark as an Ethiopian, terrible and grand—and others, as beautiful as an angel, and blithe as a wood-nymph. Meanwhile the unconscious object of these contradictory and most invidious remarks, continued her rides over hill and dale with unwearied activity, and sometimes she appeared in a splendid carriage, with a footman, who was said to be dressed in a livery, though he wore a suit of sober grey.

What was the astonishment of Clara Stanley, when she saw one morning this splendid carriage stop at her own door, and Mrs. Clifton herself descend from it? Clara's next feeling was deep mortification; for both her mother and herself were dressed in plain calico morning frocks, and the room was in a state of particular disorder, for she was occupied in cutting and arranging work, and her brother had covered the table with papers he was about to examine.

"Oh, Edward!" cried Clara, "if there's not Mrs. Clifton: what shall we do?"

"Do," said he, laughing and starting up eagerly—"Why ask her to come in?" and with an ease and self-possession that almost provoked the mortified Clara, he met this startling visitor at the threshold.

She introduced herself with so much grace and politeness, and fell into conversation so readily and simply, apologizing for what she feared

might be deemed an intrusion, but expressing an earnest wish to become acquainted with neighbors in whose society she anticipated so much pleasure, so naturally and sincerely, that Clara's burning cheeks began to cool, and her confused senses to be sufficiently collected to appreciate so signal an honor. Mrs. Stanley was too truly refined and well-bred to share in her daughter's embarrassment. She was not ashamed of the simplicity of their dress, and she did not look upon the proofs of Clara's industry and Edward's literature scattered about the room, as at all disgraceful. Moreover, she was very proud of her son, and thought she had never seen him appear to such advantage as at this moment, when engaged in animated conversation with this graceful and charming lady. Mrs. Clifton admired the garden, the vines that made such fairy lattice-work around the windows, the pictures that hung upon the walls, till every thing around her became exalted in Clara's eyes, with charms unknown before. When she rose to depart, she urged Mrs. Stanley so warmly to visit her, and to suffer her to see much of Clara, it was impossible not to believe she was soliciting a favor. She was so lonely she said—the friends who had accompanied her were returned, and she had nothing but her books and harp for her companions. Her harp! Clara was crazy to hear a harp. The very idea carried her at once into the fairy land of romance, of Ossian's heroines and Milton's angels.

"Is she not the most charming woman you ever saw in your life?" exclaimed Clara, the moment she had left them. "I quite forgot my calico frock and these linen shreds, long before she was gone. Did you ever see any one so polite and condescending? I wonder how she came to select us, from all the village, to call upon," and she smiled at the importance it would give them in the eyes of their neighbors.

"I am not so much surprised," said Mrs. Stanley, "as her father and yours were on intimate terms, and it is probable she has taken pains to ascertain his friends. She had just married when Mr. Lee came into the country, and as she went immediately abroad, she never visited the place during her father's life. She married very young, and I think I have heard she was not happy in her union. She certainly, does not seem inconsolable at her husband's death."

"Is she not delightful, brother?" continued Clara, in a perfect fever of admiration. "Did you ever see such eyes and teeth? and though she is dark, her complexion is so glowing and clear, I don't think she would look as handsome if she were fairer. I wonder if she will marry again?"

"You wonder at so many things," replied Edward, laughing; "you must live in a perpetual state of astonishment. But I do think Clara, that Mrs. Clifton is very delightful and very charming and graceful, and I hope my dear little rustic sister, will try to imitate her graces."

Edward would never have breathed this unfortunate wish, had he anticipated how faithfully poor Clara would have obeyed his injunction.

The visit was soon returned, and if Clara admired her new friend before, she was now completely fascinated. She "saw the white rising of her hands upon the harp," and heard the mellow

tones of a voice tuned to the sweetest modulation of art. The rich furniture, the superb curtains, the paintings in massy gilt frames, seemed to her unaccustomed eye, equal to oriental splendor, and Mrs. Clifton some Eastern enchantress, presiding over the scene, with more than magic power. Edward Stanley was passionately fond of music. He had never heard it in such perfection. But there was a charm in Mrs. Clifton's conversation even superior to her music. It was full of spirit, sensibility, enthusiasm and refinement. Then its perfect *adaptedness* to all around her. Every one talked better with her than with any one else, and felt when they quitted her society, that they had never been so agreeable before; confessing at the same time, that they had never met with any one half so pleasing as herself. She certainly did flatter a little, that is, she told very pleasant truths, with a most bewitching smile, and another thing, which perhaps was the great secret of her attraction, she seemed completely to forget herself, in her interest for those around her.

It is very certain Mrs. Stanley's family thought more of her new neighbor that night, than their old ones. Even Edward forgot to dream of the blue eyes of Fanny Morton. His conscience reproached him for the oblivion, and when he saw the unenvying interest with which she listened to Clara's praises of the *dashing widow*, as she was called by the villagers, he admired the sweetness and simplicity of a character, pure as the untracked snow. He admired, but for the first time he felt a want in this sweet character. He had never discovered before, that Fanny was deficient in sensibility, that the shadows of feeling seldom passed over her celestial countenance. He found too a dearth of thought and variety in her conversation, of which he had never been sensible before. A pang of self-accusation shot through his heart as he made these discoveries, and feeling as if he were guilty of injustice, his attentions became still less frequent and he tried to restrain his restless and wandering thoughts.

Clara sat one morning in a deep reverie—"Mother," said she, at length, "do you remember that full crimson damask petticoat, grandmother left me, as a memento of old times?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Stanley, surprised at the suddenness of the question—"why do you ask?"

"I was thinking it would make some beautiful window curtains for our parlor. The sun shines in so warm it is really uncomfortable to sit there, and the reflection of red curtains is very beautifying to the complexion."

"Ah! Clara," cried her brother, "you never discovered how uncomfortable it was, till you saw Mrs. Clifton's fine curtains. You forget the blinds and the vines and the rose bushes. Pray have more reverence for dear grandmother's ancient relics."

Clara blushed and was considerably disconcerted, but nevertheless continued her dreams of improvement. Her latent love for show and splendor began to glimmer forth and to illuminate many an airy castle, she amused herself in building. To imitate Mrs. Clifton was now the end and aim of her existence. She practiced her step, her air, her smile, before the looking-glass, in her own chamber, till from a very simple and

unaffected girl, she became conspicuously the reverse. She strung every window with Æolian harps and tried to sing in unison, when the wild wind swept the chords—but they disdained the harmony of the human voice, and mocked at her efforts. Edward felt quite distressed at an effect so contrary to his wishes, but he concealed his chagrin under a good humored ridicule, which somewhat checked her progress in the graces. Once, when they were to accompany Mrs. Clifton in an excursion on horseback, and the lady arrayed in her suit of forest green, was already waiting their motion, he knew not whether he was most amused or grieved, to see Clara descend in a dress of the same color, in which the imitation was too obvious and too defective not to border on the ridiculous, with a green veil wreathed around the crown of her bonnet, and suffered to stream back behind, in the form of a feather or plume. Though the affection of her brother would not allow him to wound her feelings, by making her fully aware of the extent of her folly, and he chose rather gently to lead her back to true simplicity and good sense. She did not escape a severer lash from those who envied her the distinction of Mrs. Clifton's acquaintance and who revenged themselves on her damask curtains, Æolian harps, and new-born airs. Her present ambition was to possess a gold chain, an ornament she deemed indispensable to the perfection of a lady's dress. She did not aspire to so magnificent a one as wreathed the graceful neck of Mrs. Clifton, but she thought she would be perfectly happy with one of far inferior value surrounding her own. She had a long string of large gold beads, a parting gift from her sainted grandmother, an ornament too obsolete for wear, and which she had often sighed to convert into modern jewelry. An opportunity occurred, at the very moment of all others, she most desired it. Mrs. Clifton was to give a party. The day before the event, Clara was examining her simple wardrobe, trying to decide on the important articles of dress, and mourning over her slender stock of finery, when a pedlar stopped at the door, with a trunk filled with jewelry and trinkets. He spread them before her admiring eyes, and when she hesitated and regretted—he offered to take any old ornaments in exchange, holding up at the same time a glittering chain, the very article for which her vitiated fancy was yearning. The temptation was irresistible and unfortunately she was alone. She flew to her little trunk of treasures, drew out her grandmother's beads, and the pedlar's eyes brightened as he saw the pure, rich, old fashioned gold, knowing their superior value to his own gilded trifles.

"Will you exchange that chain for these?" said she in a faltering voice, for in spite of her vain desire, the very act seemed sacrilege to her conscience.

"That would not be an even bargain," he replied, and it was true—for the chain was nothing but brass, thinly washed with gold. Clara hung down her head. In proportion to the difficulty of obtaining the bauble, her longing increased.

"That is a very pretty little trunk," cried the pedlar, "it would be very convenient to hold my jewels. If you will throw that in, we will strike a bargain."

Now the trunk was not Clara's. It belonged to

her brother. It was the last keepsake bequeathed to him by this same good grandmother, whose legacies of love Clara was converting to purposes of vanity and pride. There was a letter in it, directed to him, with a clause on the envelope, that he was not to open it till he was of age, unless he should find himself in some emergency, and especially in need of counsel. The old lady was supposed to possess considerable property, and it was also believed that Edward would be her heir. On her death, however, these expectations proved vain, and her grandson did not honor her memory the less, because he was not enriched by her loss. He took the letter as a sacred bequest, wondering much at the singular injunction, and told Clara to keep the trunk for him as it was of no use to him, and she would preserve it with more care. Clara knew it was only entrusted to her keeping; and she turned pale at the thought of betraying a brother's trust; but she repeated to herself it was of no possible use to him, that he would probably never inquire for it, and it could not hurt her dear grandmother's feelings, who was sleeping cold beneath the clods of the valley. It was a thing too of so little consequence—and the chain was so beautiful. She emptied the trunk of its contents, gave it hastily into the pedlar's hands, with the beads which had remained on her grandmother's neck till she died, and gathering up the chain, felt—instead of the joy of triumph—self-upbraiding and shame. She would have recalled the act, but it was too late—the pedlar was gone. So poor is the gratification of vanity—but the bitter consequences of a deviation from rectitude she was yet to experience.

When arrayed for the party, she put a shawl carefully round her neck, before she made her appearance, to conceal her ill-gotten splendor, but the consciousness of having something to hide from the affectionate eyes that were bent upon her, gave a disturbed and anxious expression to her countenance that did not escape the observation of her brother; and when she saw Fanny in the unadorned simplicity of her own loveliness, she secretly loathed the acquisition for which she had sacrificed her principles of right.

"Let me see you, Clara, before you start," said Mrs. Stanley, and she added smiling—"I hope you have not tried to look too well."

"Oh pray, mother, take care," cried Clara, shrinking from the dreaded hand that touched her shawl, "it will tumble my dress to take it off now. It is only my plain muslin frock"—and hurrying away, with blushes and trepidation, she felt that her punishment was begun.

Arrived at Mrs. Clifton's—she became still more dissatisfied, when she saw their elegant hostess, dressed in the simplest attire, consistent with fashion and taste, with no ornament, but a cluster of roses, wreathed amidst locks of gipsy blackness and oriental redundancy. Her piercing eyes rested a moment on the beautiful Fanny, then flashed towards Edward, with a very peculiar expression. He understood their meaning, and an undefinable sensation of pain and displeasure oppressed him. Mrs. Clifton was too polite to confine her attentions to those she most wished to distinguish, but moved amongst her guests, endeavoring as far as possible, to adapt herself to their different capacities and

tastes. She had invited her father's friends, wishing extremely to make them her own, and to convince them that she valued their sympathy and good will.

[Concluded in our next.]

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

"They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die."

THE eastern sky was scarcely lighted by the orb of day, ere the tolling bell, sent forth those solemn strains, which tell that a spirit has gone to the eternal world, and the dark charnel house has received another inmate. I can never forget those tones, for there are associations connected with them, which have engraved as with an iron pen upon the tablets of memory, the scenes of that day. The voice of singing birds, had only just been hushed, and the summer flowers, had hardly faded—the leafy trees, sent forth their murmuring tones, as the winds of autumn stirred them; but they were not the tones that the zephyrs of summer make, but fell upon the ear in sorrowing strains. Well might their song be changed, for a change had come o'er them, their brightness had faded, and soon they would lie upon the cold earth. How beautiful, and truly is it said by the immortal Hemans,

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

Yes Death! "thou hast all seasons for thine own," and though thou wert so busy in robbing Nature of her loveliness, yet thou didst not forget to send an unerring dart to one of Earth's purest spirits. How couldst thou rend so many hearts with anguish, by claiming one so much beloved. Were the storms of this dark world too rude for so gentle a spirit? or the texture that enshrined so precious a treasure, too frail? Yes, thou didst in mercy bear him to his home in heaven, and though the heart is sad, and the tear of affection must flow, yet we bless thee that thou hast released him from the pain of this life, and that thy hand was laid so gently upon him. Thou didst meet him when no dark thoughts of the future clouded his spirit, but when all beyond the grave was bright. He met thee with joy, and with his "lamp trimmed and burning, went out to meet the bridegroom." Yes, he is now in heaven, and methinks I can hear him chant that song—the prelude to which, he sung with such delight while here on earth—and sounding on his golden harp, a melody of heaven.

"Jerusalem, my happy home,"

Long have I sighed for thee;  
But now my sorrows have an end,  
Thy heavenly joys I see.

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
Jerusalem, my happy home,"  
Long have I sighed for thee.

"From every eye he wipes the tear,  
All sighs and sorrows cease;  
No more alternate hope and fear,  
But everlasting peace.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
Jerusalem, my happy home,"  
Long have I sighed for thee.



"No sun, no moon in borrowed light,  
Revolves thine hours away;  
The Lamb on Calvary's mountain slain,  
Is thine eternal day.  
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
Jerusalem, my happy home,"  
How have I sighed for thee.

Edward, we loved thee, loved thee for thy noble virtues, and thy memory shall ever be held sacred. We can never forget thee, and though the cares and busy scenes of the world may damp those feelings of sorrow, that now fill our hearts; yet, on each succeeding autumn, when the leaves begin to wear their pale hues, and the flowers to fade, the spell will be broken, and the fountain of our sorrows, will again be opened. Departed spirit! we have one boon to crave of thee, and we know thou wilt grant it. 'Tis when the storms of life are rudely beating upon us—when the world looks dark, that thou wilt linger about our pathway here, and send by the gentle zephyrs, the accents of that sacred song—"Twill sooth our spirits, and remind us of a purer clime—of a brighter home. M. M. W.

Ballston Centre, 1841.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### JOHN SULLIVAN.

GENERAL SULLIVAN, Major-General in the American Army, was a native of New-Hampshire, where he resided before the revolution, and attained to a high degree of eminence in the profession of the law. He was a member of the first congress in 1774, but on the commencement of hostilities, preferring a military commission, he relinquished the fairest prospects of fortune and fame, and appeared among the most ardent patriots, and intrepid warriors.

In 1775, he was appointed a brigadier-general, and immediately joined the army at Cambridge, and soon after obtained the command on Winter Hill. The next year he was ordered to Canada, and on the death of Gen. Thomas, the command of the army devolved on him. The situation of the army in that quarter, was inexpressibly distressing; destitute of clothing, dispirited by defeat, and constant fatigue, and a large proportion of the troops sick with the small-pox. "By his great exertions and judicious management, he meliorated the condition of the army, and obtained general applause. On his retiring from that command, July 12, 1776, the field officers thus addressed him. "It is to you, sir, the public are indebted for the preservation of their property in Canada. It is to you we owe our safety thus far. Your humanity will call forth the silent tear, and the grateful ejaculation of the sick. Your universal impartiality, will force the applause of the wearied soldier."

In August, 1776, he was promoted to the rank of major general, and soon after was, with Major-General Lord Stirling, captured by the British in the battle on Long Island. General Sullivan being paroled, was sent by General Howe with a message to congress, after which he returned to New-York. In September he was exchanged for Major-General Prescott. We next find him in command of the right division of our troops, in the famous battle at Trenton,

and he acquitted himself honorably on that ever memorable day.

In August, 1777, without the authority of congress, or the commander-in-chief, he planned and executed an expedition against the enemy on Staten Island. Though the enterprize was conducted with prudence and success in part, it was said by some to be less brilliant than might have been expected, under his favorable circumstances; and as that act was deemed a bold assumption of responsibility, and reports to his prejudice being in circulation, a court of inquiry was ordered to investigate his conduct. The result was an honorable acquittal, and congress resolved that the result so honorable to General Sullivan is highly pleasing to congress, and that the opinion of the court be published, in justification of that injured officer.

In the battles of Brandywine and at Germantown, in the autumn of 1777, General Sullivan commanded a division, and in the latter conflict his two aids were killed, and his own conduct was so conspicuously brave, that General Washington, in his letter to congress, concludes with encomiums on the gallantry of Gen. Sullivan, and the whole right wing of the army, who acted immediately under the eye of his Excellency.

In August, 1778, General Sullivan was sole commander of an expedition to the island of Newport, in co-operation with the French fleet under the Count D'Estaing. The Marquis de La Fayette and Gen. Greene, volunteered their services on the occasion. The object of the expedition was defeated, in consequence of the French fleet being driven off by a violent storm. By this unfortunate event the enemy were encouraged to engage our army in battle, in which they suffered a repulse, and Gen. Sullivan finally effected a safe retreat to the main. This retreat, so ably executed, without confusion, or the loss of baggage, or stores, increased the military reputation of General Sullivan, and redounds to his honor as a skilful commander.

The bloody tragedy, acted at Wyoming, in 1778, had determined the commander-in-chief, in 1779, to employ a large detachment from the continental army to penetrate into the heart of the Indian country, to chastise the hostile tribes and their white associates and adherents, for their cruel aggressions on the defenceless inhabitants. The command of this expedition, was committed to Major-Gen. Sullivan, with express orders to destroy their settlements, to ruin their crops, and make such thorough devastation, as to render the country entirely uninhabitable for the present, and thus to compel the savages to remove to a greater distance from our frontiers.

Gen. Sullivan had under his command several brigadiers and a well chosen army, to which were attached a number of friendly Indian warriors.—With this force he penetrated about ninety miles through a horrid swampy wilderness and barren mountainous deserts, to Wyoming, on the Susquehanna River, thence by water to Tioga, and possessed himself of numerous towns and villages of the savages.

During this hazardous expedition, General Sullivan and his army encountered the most complicated obstacles, requiring the greatest fortitude and perseverance to surmount. He explored an

extensive tract of country, and strictly executed the severe, but necessary orders he had received. A considerable number of Indians were slain, some were captured, their habitations were burnt and their plantations of corn and vegetables laid waste in the most effectual manner. "Eighteen villages, a number of detached buildings, one hundred and sixty thousand bushels of corn, and those fruits and vegetables, which conduce to the comfort and subsistence of man, were utterly destroyed. Five weeks were unremittingly employed in this work of devastation."

On his return from the expedition, he and his army received the approbation of congress. It is remarked on this expedition, by the translator of M. Chastelleux's travels, an Englishman then resident in the United States, that the instructions given by Gen. Sullivan to his officers, the order of march he prescribed to his troops, and the discipline he had the ability to maintain, would have done honor to the most experienced ancient or modern generals.

At the close of the campaign of 1779, General Sullivan, in consequence of impaired health, resigned his commission in the army. Congress, in accepting of his resignation, passed a resolve, thanking him for his past services. His military talents and bold spirit of enterprise were universally acknowledged. He was fond of display, and his personal appearance and dignified deportment commanded respect. After his resignation, he resumed his professional pursuits at the bar, and was much distinguished as a statesman, politician and patriot. He acquired very considerable proficiency in general literature, and an extensive knowledge of men and the world. He received from Harvard University, a degree of Master of Arts, and from the University of Dartmouth, a degree of Doctor of Laws. He was one of the convention who formed the state constitution for New-Hampshire, was chosen into the first council, and was afterwards elected chief magistrate in that state, and held the office for three years. In September, 1789, he was appointed Judge of the District Court, for the District of New-Hampshire, and continued in the office till his death, in 1795."

## MISCELLANY.

### \* THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

SHE passes our gate every morning at a quarter before eight. She is never a moment later. The cook knows this so well that she sets the kitchen clock by "the young lady in the cottage bonnet." All the winter we could tell her approach by the plashing of her clogs, in the wet unrepai red piece of path at the corner, a standing disgrace to our highway inspectors—I was going to write them "highwaymen," for they take our rates and do not mend our ways. And now she passes noiselessly, as our summer flowers grow; but like them, neither unobserved nor unremembered. Her bonnet is a coarse Dunstable; with in the last week, the morone colored ribands have been replaced by those of *capeur*: but they were both plainly put on. The *ruche* beneath is ornamented with a very little wreath of pale primroses; the black veil is still worn; but a parasol

(not one of those fawn-colored, baby-like fairy mushrooms of the present season, but a large full-grown parasol, two years old at the very least) has replaced the heavy, brown cotton umbrella, whose weight her thin, white wrist seemed hardly able to sustain. The *broderie* on her collar is coarse, but the collar sits smoothly, and is very white; her shawl—what a useful shawl it has been! With the assistance of a boa she seemed to think it a sufficient protection against last winter's cold, and yet now, thrown a little open at the throat, and with the relief of a white collar, how well it looks! Her dress *then* was merino, now it is muslin-de-laine; her boots are exchanged for strong prunella slippers, fitting nicely; and she generally rests a roll of music or one or two books in the bend of the arm, the hand of which carries the parasol. I must not forget her brown silk bag; what odds and ends peep out of it at times, when 'tis over full; shreds of German wool; paper patterns; netting, knotting, and knitting needles; half-a-dozen new pens the nibs out, to avoid the risk of injury—or a round ruler; in short let it be filled with what it will, the bag is never empty; and yet if you could only see the thread-bare purse within, worn out, not by money, but by time; three pennies worth of half-pence at one end, and a silver fourpence and a shilling in the other; you would understand that the daily governess is any thing but rich. She is not, strictly speaking, handsome, but she would be so, if the weight of anxiety that presses upon her broad polished brow were removed. The countenance (the thoughtless would say) wants expression; it wants *variety* of expression, but the prevailing one is that of pallid, silent resignation; her eyes have an earnest, gentle look, when they raise the silken curtains that veil, not their brightness, but their sadness: and her smile, if a passer-by inquire the way, is as gentle as her eyes. She is neither short nor tall, dark nor fair; but her cheek is pale, not the pallor of ill-health, for she is fortunate in being obliged to walk twice a-day through our now green and cheerful hedge rows; it wears the hue of oppressed spirits. She is young and might be mirthful—if she were not a DAILY GOVERNESS.

She knows enough to know, that if she had been taught a little more of all, or of every, of the accomplishments she is obliged to teach, she might command a high salary; "finish young ladies," instead of trudging on with little children; but her mother is an officer's widow, and could not spend a great deal upon one, when she had three children to educate and send into the world. She looks neither to the right nor to the left, except perhaps to glance, when she gets beyond the lane, at our church clock; but she finds she has no need to hasten her steps unless when her mother is ill—she is always in time. Perhaps she casts a wistful eye at the bookseller's placard, telling of her greatest luxury—a new novel—or at the linen-draper's, with an undefined hope, that by the time she receives her next month's salary she may seek a cheap Challis amongst his winter stock, now selling off, that would do very well for summer; dark colors are best for the street; ribbons do *not* attract her; she has trimmed her bonnet, and learnt the blessings that arise from thrift, not extravagance.

She reaches her destination, and knocks at the door, not with a tremulous hand, for it is practised in such indications of her humble arrival, but with the modest certainty that she will soon be admitted, because she is wanted. The footman hears the sound, but does not hurry to answer the daily governess; because he knows she is beloved by the nurse-girl, on whom she smiles, and to whom she speaks kindly; and the girl's and their parents are far in Cumberland. The daily governess can appreciate even the nurse-girl's attention. The children she has to instruct in this presuming mansion are wayward and rude; but they are, nevertheless, affectionate, and would be what are called "good," if they were properly managed "out of school hours;" as it is, they have too much of their own way, and their mamma "rates" the daily governess before them, for their faults.

"Miss Grey, you must be firm and determined; Gertrude complains of her eyes. So, if you could manage to stay and teach her lessons, after three, for about half an hour, to prevent her poring over her book, she could repeat them the next morning. Poor darling! we must take care of her eyes."

The daily governess knows, if she performs this daily duty, she will lose a music pupil, to whom she gives a lesson, commencing at half-past three, for the sum of one-and-sixpence; but this family live in a large house, and have promised to recommend her. The daily governess must pay her usual slave-tribute for patronage.

"Miss Grey, it will not do to teach dancing, without doing the figures *yourself* very often before the children."

"Miss Grey, Alice's shoulders are growing round."

"Miss Grey, Alfred must not ink his tuckers."

"Miss Grey, poor little Louisa cannot finish the Cologne stand; pray take it home and finish it for her."

Poor Miss Grey! her patience, gentleness, and all she has really done to improve those children, remains unapproved; but the faults of her *elèves* rise trumpet-tongued against her, when in reality she is in no way to blame; the affections and tenderness which her gentle heart yearns to bestow, is thrown back upon her. She is a *daily governess*! What sympathies can they have in common?

It was nine when she knocked at the door; it is now three. She was asked to take something at one, and she had a morsel of bread and a glass of milk and water. She remains until half-past three, and then walks half a mile farther to give her eighteen-penny music lesson. She is in excellent spirits when it is over, for they will wait the extra time, rather than change. She says, "they are very good." Why, the mother of the musical young lady knows she could not get such another lesson from any other teacher for less than half-a-crown. This is a busy day, it is half-past six and the daily governess has not yet returned.

She had another lesson to give in the same street—not a music lesson, though the echo of "one, two, three," in her head seemed, for eternity, but to read English for an hour with a young French lady, who met her at the door, kissed her on both her cheeks, made her drink a cup of

coffee—real coffee—and eat a biscuit, and then sat patiently "doing her translation" into such pretty non-descript English, that the daily governess chid and smiled until a peal of merry and mingled laughter rang through the room!—But the laugh was succeeded, on the part of the governess, by such weariness, that the kind foreigner would have detained her longer, not to read but to rest, were it not that, she told her, her mother would be uneasy; and then the lady, with a pretty air of mystery, opened her desk, and held up before her eyes a concert ticket—a real concert ticket—for two, it was to be her's, and would enable her and her mother to go together the next evening, which they would be sure to do, for to-morrow would not be a busy day and they could walk there very well, and leave their bonnets at the entrance, or slide them off; and let them hang down by their sides—"so"—no one would notice them. Oh, it would be such pleasure—such dear pleasure! to hear sweet music, and her mother was so fond of music, her mother would enjoy it so much, she was very—very grateful. The French lady regretted that the distance was so great. The daily governess said, they would not mind that; they were only a mile and a half from Hyde Park corner—her mother could walk *that*—and then an eighteen-penny drive would bring them to the concert rooms. Those fly-cabs were so respectable and convenient—it would be charming; she did not mind fatigue; and Miss Grey commenced her return with a quick step and flushed cheek. She thought, poor thing, though she had been teaching since nine, and it was now nearly half-past six—she thought it had been a very happy day. As she walked rather quickly, several impertinent fellows—impudent Irish men—cunning Scotch lads, or, it might be, an English youth, intent on systematizing even his flirtations—attempted to peep under her bonnet; but she poked the big parasol very low at that side, and walked on; if the attempt was repeated, her cheek flushed, her heart beat more quickly and her eyes filled with tears. Then, indeed, she felt she had no one to protect her.

She stopped at a shop at Lowndes-terrace, where black silk and white kid gloves are only a shilling a pair. She looked through the window at them; hesitated, and walked on; perhaps she will wait till her mother is with her, the following evening, and then she can choose for her. What her mother chooses is always best. She has passed our gate. She is evidently very much fatigued, her steps lag heavily; she lodges with her mother in that little cottage for the benefit of the soft pure air of old Brompton. And now you see the widow's cap through the young stems and insignificant leaves of the jasmine. The daily governess quickens her step; she pulls from her bosom the concert ticket; and after she has received her mother's kiss, before her mother's hands can untie her bonnet, she holds it up before her! Oh how very much a little drop of innocent pleasure sweetens the cup of toil! Drink of it, long, and deeply, it becomes bitter on the tongue, and evil to the heart.

A daily governess has, at least, her evenings. Sometimes, not often, a friend drops in. To-night our patient, good, industrious girl has thrust



her pretty swollen feet into her mother's easy shoes; and while the widow reads, or pours out their frugal tea, she is quilling, or snipping, or arranging something white; a little finery for "to-morrow" evening. And now the work and books are put by, the candle snuffed, they read and pray not long, but fervently, and then to bed, despite the labor, which, fair reader, you shudder even to think upon. The daily governess sleeps soundly, and will awake as patient, and gentle, and it may be, a trifle more cheerful, to-morrow than she was to-day.

#### STEALING.

Don't be alarmed gentles; though there is nothing very fascinating in the title of these our lucubrations, still we are determined, with your permission, to discuss the subject, hoping thereby to give that word a more extensive definition than the fashionables may be disposed to allow it. For instance: a gentleman sees a handsome pen-knife on the desk of his friend—he admires it! 'tis exactly the thing he wants; one blade is a keener for a quill—another an *exquisite* parer of the nails; in short, he must have it—and why not? "pen-knives are public property," so it glides into his vest pocket, and makes itself "at home." Now this is *stealing*—downright stealing—yet, "Brutus is an honorable man." Your literary friend visits you in your library and luxuriates in the field of literature before him with the keen relish of an epicure at a feast, knocks down Virgil, in grasping at Byron and pops Cervantes under the Waverlies. After a general survey of all your literary bill of fare, he (or she) honors you by borrowing the first volume of one set—the second of another and so on; now as it is an "old fashioned whim," even to *think* of returning borrowed books, prepare to sigh your last farewell to these. And what is this but stealing? yea, most vexatious and abominable larceny! When wishing, perhaps on some important occasion, to refer to a particular book, you hasten to your library and find that volume, the most valuable of the set, the only one missing. If you are resolved to regain it, after a diligent inquiry to that effect, it may perhaps be restored to you in the course of the year, after having accomplished the tour of the city upon the lending principle; yet coverless and soiled as it probably will be, you are glad to receive it. A liberal feeling sometimes visits us on viewing the vacancies of our book shelves, and could we but remember the names of such borrowers, we should be happy to forward to them the remaining volumes of the set, as being useless to us. We had rather be compelled to cut with *half* a pair of scissors than to lose one volume of an interesting work.

#### A RETIRING BANKER'S ADVICE.

A STORY is related of a celebrated banker in Europe, who carried on the business successfully for years, with the reputation of great wealth. In his old age he retired from business, and transferred it to his two sons, to whom he gave the following advice:

"My sons—I leave you in possession of my business and my capital. My capital, as you know, is locked in that strong box, which has not been opened for years, because my profits

have been such that I had no occasion to encroach upon it. I charge you to pursue the same course. Never open the box; for if you once begin to run upon your capital, you will in all probability lose it."

The sons obeyed their father's mandate for a series of years with the same credit and reputation for wealth that their parent had enjoyed; for every body knew that they were in possession of the old gentleman's strong box. In process of time however, the young bankers got involved in speculations, which so embarrassed them, that one of them resolved to recur to the strong box, which he was so indiscreet as to open it in presence of some friends, who were horror-stricken to find that there was not a dollar in it.—The credit of the bank was instantaneously destroyed, and in consequence of it, a bitter quarrel arose between the two brothers, one insisting that the ruin of the concern was not occasioned by its having no capital, but by the facts being made known to the public.

#### BONAPARTE AND THE POPE.

THE Emperor went to meet the Pope on the road to Nemours. To avoid ceremony, the pretext of a hunting party was assumed: the attendants, with his equipages were in the forest. The Emperor came on horseback, and in a hunting dress with his retinue. It was at the half moon on the top of the hill that the meeting took place. There the Pope's carriage drew up. He got out at the left door in his white costume. The ground was dirty; he did not like to step upon it with his white silk shoes, but was obliged to do so at last. Napoleon alighted to receive him. They embraced; and the Emperor's carriage, which had been purposely driven up, was advanced a few paces, as if from carelessness of the driver; but men were posted to hold the two doors open: at the moment of getting in, the Emperor took the right door, and an officer of the court handed the Pope to the left, so that they entered the carriage by the two doors at the same time. The Emperor naturally seated himself on the right; and this first step decided without negotiation upon the etiquette to be observed during the time that the Pope was to remain in Paris.

#### TEE-TOTALISM.

Nor long since, a Washingtonian, who had, previous to his signing the pledge, been a hard drinker, was taken sick, and for a time was unable to speak. His friends, wishing to stimulate him, offered some liquor. He could not speak, but shook his head, and continued to as long as it was offered him. When he recovered he requested his friends not to offer him liquor unless they wanted to hurt his feelings. "Especially" said he, "when I am *sick* don't give it to me—it nearly killed me when I was *well*."

#### PRINTERS.

COMPOSITORS in a printing office are curious chaps. They love bread and cheese, turkey, ham, veal, oysters, eggs, and are very fond of wedding cake, and in fact every thing good except *pi*—that they hate as they do the lack of copy. Here's an *out*, said we while reading *proof* why don't you

take more pains? I have *pains* enough already, said one of them, by the way my back feels. But speaking of the *out*, said we. Well, speak of the *out*—what then? I wish I was *out*, I am nearly tired to death. Well, sit down and work, replied we. I like that. Can a man be *sitting up* when he is *sitting down*? 'Speet not. And so it runs on; you can't get a rational word from any of them—they bother us nearly to death.

ABSENCE of mind appears to be gaining ground all over the country. A young married woman the other day threw her infant into a cooking stove, while she very affectionately nursed a leg of mutton.

### Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1841.

THE MOB-CAR.—We hope those of our subscribers who have got volume 15th, containing the above named story, will pardon us for republishing it, as it was not done to please ourselves, but at the request of a large number of our readers.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

A. M. T. Spencertown, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. T. Spencer-town, N. Y. \$1.00; H. L. Egremont, N. Y. \$0.50; R. & S. Kendall, N. Y. \$1.00; E. R. Holland Patent, N. Y. \$1.00; G. E. W. Antwerp, N. Y. \$1.00; T. A. & B. W. S. Kingsbury, N. Y. \$1.00; P. L. Haydensville, Ms. \$2.00; D. C. Morrisville, N. Y. \$1.00; R. C. Rondout, N. Y. \$5.00; L. P. T. Vernon, Ct. \$1.00; W. G. Girls Flatts, N. Y. \$5.00; E. S. New-Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. Milton, W. T. \$1.00; L. L. T. Troopsville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. P. C. New-Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stokes, N. Y. \$8.00; J. M. D. New London, N. H. \$1.00; G. T. Bethel, Vt. \$1.00; A. S. West Milton, N. Y. \$1.00; T. H. Canadea, N. Y. \$1.00; A. J. Barryville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. M. Syracuse, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Rhaca, N. Y. \$1.00; C. C. W. Port Jarvis, N. Y. \$1.00.

#### Married,

In this city, on the 26th ult. by William E. Heath, Esq. Mr. Thomas W. Barnes, of West Stockbridge, Mass. to Miss Zephia Arnold, of the same place.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. A. Bushnell, Jr. Mr. George W. Hawley, of Ghent, to Miss Anna C. Waltermire, of Claverack.

Also, by the same, on the 23d ult. Mr. William Gaynes to Miss Christina Vosburgh, both of Stockport.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Martin C. Garner, to Miss Catharine Groat, both of Ghent.

In Chatham, on the 12th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Jacob H. Simmons to Miss Frances J. Foland, both of that town.

At St. John's Church, Delhi, on the 19th ult. by the Rev. T. S. Judd, Mr. Henry B. Peck, of the firm of Bellamy & Peck, Rensselaerville, to Miss Mary D. Clark, of the former place.

#### Died,

In this city, on Friday morning, the 29th ult. George Crawford, Esq. in the 77th year of his age.

On the 23d ult. George E. son of Casper and Maria Winters, aged 1 year and 8 days.

On the 24th ult. Mr. Nicholas Kilmore, in his 27th year.

On the 24th ult. at New York, Edwin Folger, son of Hosmer and Marilla Osborn, aged 3 years and 6 months.

On the 29th ult. Howard, son of Robert and Jane Smith, aged 1 year and 5 months.

On the 31st ult. Col. Simon T. Rowley, in his 42d year. Mr. Rowley, in a state of mental derangement, sprang through a window in the third story of his dwelling, and fell on the pavement, which caused his death in an hour.

On the 2d inst. Hannah M. daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Coon, aged 10 months.

In Chatham, on the 14th ult. Harriet, daughter of the late Major Harry Bachus, aged 24 years, and on the 27th ult. Capt. John Bachus, son of the late Major Bachus, aged 21 years—both of typhus fever.

At Hillsdale, on the 16th ult. Mr. John I. Van Deusen, in the 76th year of his age.

In Kinderhook, on the 24th ult. Mr. Stephen Van Dyck, in the 74th year of his age.

In the city of Washington, on Thursday evening, the 21st ult. of congestive fever, Hon. John Forsyth, of Georgia, late Secretary of State.

At Saratoga Springs, on the 25th ult. Martha Elizabeth, wife of Clement M. Davison, and daughter of John F. Bacon, Esq. late of Albany.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

"Death comes amid the storm."—A. S. O. S.

Tossed on the billows of the dark blue sea,  
By tempests fierce and raging storms we're driven,  
Which gath'ring thick around the darkened sky,  
Portend destruction and excite alarm.  
Our found'ring bark yields to the surging waves,  
Which break incessant to the passing gale,  
And far around in strange confusion rolls  
The heaving main, impatient of its prey.  
Now darkness hovers o'er the yawning deep,  
And with its cloudy mantle shrouds the moon,  
Shuts out the stars from mortal's view,  
And dismal sits upon the dashing spray  
The sable empress of the midnight hour.  
Increasing still with elemental strife,  
The rushing winds drive on apace, the storms  
Of heaven unite with glowing, fervid wrath:  
Terror and Vengeance come! they swell, they burst  
With awful fury on the foaming deep,  
Spreading dismay through Neptune's watery realm.  
Death comes! He sits upon the lightning's wing,  
And speaks responsive to the tempest's howl,  
Rolling forth in thunder-tones of terror and  
Alarm, his most *unwelcome, dread* approach.  
How cold his touch! His breath is cold, so cold  
Indeed, that oft he chills the warmth of life,  
And O how fearful is his low'ring frown!  
His weapons—ah, so fatal to mankind!  
His chariot is the spirit of the storm,  
His crown the radius of the lightning's glare,  
His throne the grave, and o'er its dark domains  
He holds strange revelry, as Monarch of  
The tomb. What power shall save us from his  
grasp?

And who shall still the elemental storm?  
Where rests the Arm Omnipotent to save?  
(Kind Heaven protect, O save the sinking!)  
Look up my soul! Look up despairing ones!  
The Ark of God appears, it comes to save,  
And on its lofty deck appears a light  
As if the brightness of a thousand suns  
Had met convergent in one glowing flame.  
O happy they who see its glorious light,  
And gain the favor of its royal King,  
Superlatively blest are they who on  
Its decks triumphant stand, and passing o'er  
The dangerous sea of life, make Heaven their port,  
And vast eternity their final home.  
Then let us quickly gain the Ark of God,  
And 'scape the dangers of the foaming deep,  
For now we see "Death comes amid the storm."  
Honesdale, 1841. B. M. G.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MISS C. M. H.—

'Twas not those flashing eyes alone  
When in their brilliancy they've shone  
Brighter than meridian sun;  
Nor when with milder light they burned,  
And to my own were fondly turned,  
For which I loved thee, peerless one,  
Nor yet the music of thy voice  
That bids my willing heart rejoice,  
And listen to its lute-like tone;

Not when you sing in liquid notes,  
That long upon the men'ry float,  
So like some lovely vision flown.

'Twas not when graceful as the fawn,  
In childish glee you tripped the lawn,  
And gaily flew from flower to flower;  
Or in the dance, you moved along,  
The fairest of a youthful throng,  
And music lent her magic power.

Oh, no! 'twas not for charms like these,  
As transient as the passing breeze,  
That I my heart to thee resigned;  
But 'twas for those that will survive,  
And youth and beauty long outlive,  
Whose empire is within the mind. P.  
Ithaca, 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

TRIBUTE,

To the Memory of Grenville Mellen.

BY "EMILIE."

BIND ye the cypress o'er thy soul-lit brow,  
Muse of the sunny stream and sylvan dell,  
Aye, wreath the willow 'mid the harp-string now,  
Which erst entranced us with its thrilling spell.  
We hear it not.

The hand is cold and motionless, which swept  
The golden chords like summer breezes stealing  
O'er blushing flow'rets, strains which else had slept,  
Woke in the soul some deep and hidden feeling,  
Long, long forgot.

His is the dreamless sleep, where forest's roar,  
And Ocean's surge of "the green land he sung,"  
Come faintly on the ear, but ah! no more  
Will its wild radiance o'er his path be flung,  
He sleeps in peace.

And the spirit-breathings to which wrapt, entranced,  
We listened in the dim hushed hour of even,  
Forever freed from earthly notes, perchance,  
Are swelling now the sapphire walls of Heaven,  
No more to cease.  
Chatham, 1841.

CONTEMPT.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I have unlearned contempt. It is the sin  
That is engendered earliest in the soul,  
And doth beset it like a poison-worm  
Feeding on all its beauty. As it steals  
Into the bosom, you may see the light  
Of the clear, heavenly eye grow cold and dim,  
And the fine upright glory of the brow  
Cloud with mistrust, and the unfettered lip,  
That was as free and changeable as the wind,  
Even in sadness redolent with love,  
Curled with the feyness of constant scorn.  
It eats into the mind till it pollutes  
All its pure fountains. Feeling, reason, taste,  
Breathe of its chill corruption. Every sense  
That could convey a pleasure is benumbed,  
And the bright human being, that was made  
Full of rich warm affections, and with power  
To look through all things lovely up to God,  
Is changed into a cold and doubting fiend,  
With but one use for reason—to despise!

Oh! if there is one law above the rest,  
Written in wisdom—if there is a word  
That I would trace as with a pen of fire  
Upon the unsunned temper of a child—  
If there is any thing that keeps the mind  
Open to angel visits, and repels  
The ministry of ill—'tis *human love*!  
God has made nothing worthy of contempt.

The smallest pebble in the well of truth  
Has its peculiar meaning, and will stand  
When man's best monuments have passed away;  
The law of Heaven is love, and though its name  
Has been usurped by passion, and profaned  
To its unholy uses through all time,  
Still the eternal principle is pure:  
And in these deep affections that we feel  
Omnipotent within us, we but see  
The lavish measure in which love is given;  
And in the yearning tenderness of a child  
For every bird that sings above his head,  
And every creature feeding on the hills,  
And every tree and flower and running brook,  
We see how every thing was *made to love*:  
And how they err, who in a world like this,  
Find any thing to hate but human pride.

FORGET ME NOT.

BY WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

The following little poem was written by the late President, in his earlier days, it has a singular force at the present juncture, especially the simile introduced in the two last lines:

The star that shines so pure and bright,  
Like a far-off place of bliss,  
That tells the broken-hearted  
There are brighter worlds than this;  
The moon that courses through the sky,  
Like man's uncertain doom  
Now shining bright with borrowed light  
Now wrapped in deepest gloom—  
Or whence eclipsed, a dreary blank,  
A fearful emblem given  
Of a heart shut out by a sinful world  
From the blessed light of heaven:  
The flower that freely casts its wealth  
Of perfume on the gale;  
The breeze that mourns the summer's close  
With melancholy wail;  
The stream that cleaves the mountain's side  
Or gurgles from the grot—  
All speak in their Creator's name,  
And say "forget me not!"

"Forget me not," the thunder roars,  
As it bursts its sulphury cloud;  
'Tis murmured by the distant hills  
In echoes long and loud:  
'Tis written by the Almighty's hand  
In characters of flame,  
When the lightnings gleam with vivid flash,  
And his power and wrath proclaim;  
'Tis murmured when the white waves fall  
Upon the wreck-strawn shore,  
As a hoary warrior bows his chest  
When his day of rest is o'er.

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